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THE PRISONER NOW IN ATLANTA

As approach was made through one of the front walks, laughter was heard on the front veranda. It suggested that even in the presence of death life will assert its buoyancy.

THE LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

How quickly the mind can back to the night before when the house rang with the song and laughter of this now mute crowd! The father sits in the place of authority, a king whose rule is love. Mrs. West, the visitor, sits next to him, telling of the events of her young life, and scarcely daring to speak of the future, so uncertain is her hold upon it. Miss Pearl sits at the piano, running her fingers carelessly over the keys, while Ethelard stands beside her, telling some incident of local note. Charlie and Roschud and Annie sit around on low stools, listening to their elders or engaged in childish play. Mother sits to one side "crooning" the baby to sleep. The door opens, and the figure which appears here casts a shadow over the whole group. The mother kisses her babe more convulsively than she ever did before, though she knows not why. Tom takes his seat for a moment, with eyes downcast, and answering questions in monosyllables. At last he gets up and goes to his room, but the shadow lingers. Mrs.

He turned aside from his text, however, to make a statement which will command public attention. "A solemn duty rests upon

The supposed murderer was carried into the central corridor, when the handcuffs were unlocked and the rope tied about his arms and back was taken off. Freed from the restraint upon his arms, Woolfolk threw his hands about him several times in order to start the circulation, walked aimlessly about the corridor for a few moments, and then

EAT UPON THE STEPS LEADING ABOVE.

He sat here for some time, lured until his belly was prepared and he had eaten his breakfast.

Jaffier Poole ordered one of the cells on the lower left hand tier prepared for Woolfolk. The cell was swept out, blankets were placed therein, and

THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.

His physical appearance called for admiration, but when his face was taken up for consideration, other ideas arose in one's mind, and became lastingly dominant. Woolfolk is not an ugly man, by any means; his face is on the whole, comely, and were it not for that unmistakable look that dissipation and the unchecked and dissolute life he has led has given to it, his face on the whole might be called handsome.

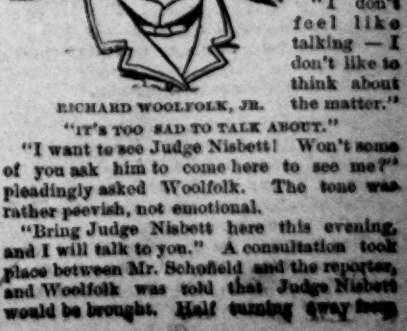
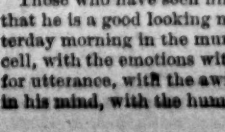
Those who have seen him at his best declare that he is a good looking man, but as seen yesterday morning in the murky air of the prison cell, with the emotions within him struggling for utterance, with the awful tragedy yet fresh in his mind, with the human blood stealer's

RICHARD WOOLFOLK, JR.

"IT'S TOO RARE TO TALK ABOUT."

"I want to see Judge Nisbett! Won't some of you ask him to come here to see me?" pleadingly asked Woolfolk. The tone was rather peevish, not emotional.

"Bring Judge Nisbett here this evening, and I will talk to you." A consultation took place between Mr. Schofield and the reporter, and Woolfolk was told that Judge Nisbett would be brought. Half smiling away from



the door, as if to walk to the back of the cell, he again said:

"Bring Judge Nisbett here, and I'll talk then!"

LOOKING FOR JUDGE NISBETT.

Hon. Mr. Schofield and the reporter immediately left the jail, and began the hunt for the governor's private secretary. It seems that Judge Nisbett had been Woolfolk's lawyer on one occasion, and he was the only one in all the great city he was in on whom he could rely, and he naturally wanted to see him.

It was suggested by some one that Judge Nisbett was at the capitol, as Governor Gordon had been seen going there after breakfast. Mr. Schofield and the reporter, hurried thither, but could not find the judge. Repairing to the mansion and not finding him there, they proceeded to his sister's house on Ivy street, where they were told he could be found.

But the judge was not there, and the party repaired to the residence of the judge, on Capitol avenue. Judge Nisbett was found quietly asleep in a large chair on the front veranda, and to him the mission was made known. He informed the party that he would go to the jail at 8 o'clock, if they would call for him that hour.

JUDGE NISBETT AT THE JAIL.

A few minutes after three, Judge Nisbett and the reporter, accompanied by Hon. Mr. Schofield, arrived at the jail. Judge Nisbett suggested that as Woolfolk would perhaps desire to consult him in the capacity of an attorney, he had better go in first; and the judge very plainly informed the reporters that if Woolfolk did desire to consult him, the first advice he would give him would be to hold his tongue.

This was not very comforting news to the reporters, but seeing that it was what would be done, they quietly awaited the result of Judge Nisbett's visit to the prisoner.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN PROGRESS.

While the reporters were sitting in the jail office, the sound of singing reached the party. Repairing to the corridor door, it was seen that a number of gentlemen from the Young Men's Christian association were conducting religious exercises in the jail. These exercises consisted of Bible reading, praying and singing, in which last named feature the prisoners joined. The exercises were not heeded by Woolfolk in his cell, however.

JUDGE NISBETT WITH THE PRISONER.

When Judge Nisbett reached the cell door, the turnkey asked the judge if he desired to go in, he replied that he did, and the door was opened.

The conversation during the morning had been carried on between the latrine door, as no one really desired to go in with the man who was said to have murdered nine persons. Only a part of the conversation that took place between Judge Nisbett and Woolfolk is known.

It is said that among the first things Woolfolk said to the judge was "my father's estate is worth between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars, and I will give a handsome fee to any lawyer."

THE TURNKEY HEARD THIS EXPRESSION, as did some of the prisoners about the corridor. After that the conversation could not be heard as the two men spoke in a low tone of voice. Judge Nisbett remained with Woolfolk three-quarters of an hour, and after that time had elapsed, Hon. Mr. Schofield, the reporters, and the turnkey again entered.

Woolfolk and Judge Nisbett were standing facing each other when the reporters entered. Woolfolk was composed and calm. He had placed on more clothes than he had on in the morning, and the clothes had improved his appearance. He stood with folded arms, and without any questioning on the part of the reporters, said:

"I will be glad to talk about anything else, gentlemen, but you must excuse me from talking about this matter."

"FOR IT IS TOO SAD, TOO SAD."

Some one suggested that there was nothing else to talk about, and if that matter was not discussed there was nothing else to discuss. Woolfolk smiled somewhat and said: "I can not help it, but that matter is too sad for me to talk about."

Seeing that it was useless to press the matter any further, and that Judge Nisbett, who was quietly relighting his cigar from a candle that the turnkey was holding, would not advise the prisoner to speak, the party withdrew.

WHAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE TWO.

In the outer office, Judge Nisbett said to the reporter that the prisoner had consulted him as an attorney, and as such he had advised him not to talk. Judge Nisbett said further to a Constitution reporter that Woolfolk had asked him to take the case, and to employ lawyers to manage it, and to do everything that might be done in the matter.

The judge said that he did not like to refuse the case peremptorily, and did not do so in the cell, but that he told Woolfolk that he did not think he could take the case. That he would let him know by Tuesday afternoon, but that in case he did not he would advise him who to get in the matter.

JUDGE NISBETT'S TALK IN THE CELL.

Judge Nisbett told THE CONSTITUTION that he told Woolfolk very plainly just what the public opinion was about the matter, what every body thought, how indignant and aroused the people of Macon and Bibb county were; that the general belief was that he was guilty of the murder of the entire family, and that the popular verdict was that the crime was without a parallel in the history of Georgia or of the country.

Judge Nisbett would not relate anything to the press that Woolfolk said, except that he protested his entire innocence, and denied all participation and knowledge of the crime.

A BIT OF WOOLFOLK HISTORY.

A few hours afterward at the Kimball house, Judge Nisbett told THE CONSTITUTION the following about the Woolfolk family: "I have known him, Thomas Woolfolk, about 10 years. I have known a great many members of his family—his father, his uncles, his brothers, and I have known them all."

"His grandfather was a very wealthy man, and lived at Fort Hawkins. The residence was in a stone's throw of the fort. The place was on the east side of the Ocmulgee river. His uncle, John Woolfolk, is a very respectable citizen of Houston county, James and Thomas Woolfolk, his uncles, and a near Woolfolk station on the Macon and Augusta railroad, in Jones county."

HIS RELATIVES HIGHLY RESPECTABLE.

"His other relatives in the state are of the greatest respectability. I knew the father, mother, young Richard, and Miss Pearl, who was married to a man who was a member of the legislature of the state. I knew the father, mother, young Richard, and Miss Pearl, who was married to a man who was a member of the legislature of the state."

"Pearl, when I knew her, was about 14 years of age, and gave promise of being a very handsome and interesting woman. Ben Howard has a large connection in Bibb county, and all of them are very excellent and respectable people."

TOM WOOLFOLK A FARMER.

"Tom Woolfolk, the alleged murderer, leased a plantation lying within two miles of my place in Bibb county, under a conditional contract of purchase from Colonel Albert G. Foster, of Morgan county, and cultivated it a number of years after Colonel Foster's death."

HOW HE GOT ALONG.

"Tom Woolfolk had the reputation of being a very energetic planter, with some talent for controlling negroes, and for making good crops. Not being able to pay for the property, he was obliged to surrender it."

"He then went to Macon, and opened a store on Third street, where he sold groceries and liquors. He did not remain in that business long, as it did not prove a success, and I have heard that he went to Texas, with the idea of settling there. He stayed in Texas several months."

HIS RETURN TO GEORGIA.

"After Woolfolk returned to Georgia, he opened a small store on the Vineville branch between Vineville and Macon. Saw him in his store in September or October, 1886, but never met him since until this afternoon in the jail. Hon. James Schofield took up the man's life just here, and said, 'he broke up the Vineville store in March. Some portion of the interval he spent in Athens. He returned to his father's neighborhood.'"

"A short time since he was married in a very romantic way on an East Tennessee train as it was running between Flovilla and Macon. This venture, like all the others, turned out badly, and his wife soon left him. One week before the commission of the crime he returned to his father, and hired out to him as a common farm hand at \$9 a month."

HIS REPUTATION IN BIBB COUNTY.

"His reputation in the neighborhood," continued Judge Nisbett, "was that of a very perverse, obstinate, eccentric, and to use a slangy expression a cranky sort of person. Living alone in the large dwelling on the Foster plantation, and having very few associates and no intimates, his life was bare of incidents."

HIS DESIRE FOR MONEY.

"He had appeared a great desire for money and lived very economically, and yet when he was away, or at certain times and on certain occasions, he would spend money very freely. He lived roughly, his room was no better than that of many a negro; he did not seem to care much for such matters, but he liked other luxuries, and was fond of good horses, and frequently had a fine horse and buggy."

"While he craved money," said Hon. Mr. Schofield, "he spent it recklessly, and if his mind was warped at all, it was on that subject."

HIS MENTAL CONDITION.

Said Judge Nisbett: "If he is guilty of the crime alleged, a great many people who know him well will believe he was insane at the time of his commission, because of their knowledge of his character, and because of their conviction that no sane man would commit such an atrocious and horrible crime."

AN INCIDENT OF THE DAY.

"It is a terrible charge against him," said Judge Nisbett, "and yet when you think of his manner of receiving you this afternoon. Do you not remember how he said, 'gentlemen, I cannot talk about this matter, it is too sad,' and how he smiled pleasantly during the conversation. Is this wonderful self-control, or is it an innocent conscience, free from all complicity in this terrible matter?"

"I do not want to appear as a partisan," said Judge Nisbett, "for I am not, but the sanity or the insanity of the man was mooted, and I just mentioned this little incident."

IS WOOLFOLK INSANE?

When the news of the crime first reached Atlanta, a great many people, who read the particulars in which the bare statement was contained, thought and said that Woolfolk must be insane. A great many yesterday, after reading the CONSTITUTION's account of the terrible murder declared that no man could have acted as Woolfolk did without being insane.

On the other hand, a number of intelligent persons visited the jail yesterday and saw and conversed with the prisoner. No one who did so believes him other than sane. His actions have not inspired any one with the belief that his mind is unbalanced, and the jail officials, who are somewhat experts in the matter, believe him perfectly sane.

WOOLFOLK HIMSELF SAYS SO.

Woolfolk himself does not endeavor to create the belief that he is other than a sane man. He certainly acts like a sane man. He sends for an old and trusted adviser and consults with him, and takes his advice; he refuses to talk as he was advised to do, and all his actions show that he is sane. It is not likely that the insanity dodge will be offered in defense, as such valuable time has already been lost in putting it in operation.

Woolfolk will doubtless stand on the bare assertion that he did not commit the murder, and appeal to that belief in man's mind that a sane man will not commit an abnormally unprovoked crime, and the murder was to acquit him of the deed.

H. H. P.

THE RED HAND.

Dripping With the Blood of His Own Family.

Owing to the fact that the supply of yesterday's CONSTITUTION fell far short of the demand, the full reports of the Woolfolk tragedy are here repeated.

MACON, Ga., August 6.—[Special.]—This morning the city was electrified by the arrival of a negro named Sanford, from the farm of Captain Richard F. Woolfolk, bearing a letter addressed to "the public at large," stating that Captain Woolfolk and his entire family had been murdered at their home, twelve and a half miles from Macon.

So soon as I heard the report, I started with Captain W. A. Davis to the scene of the tragedy. We drove out on the Thomaston road twelve miles, then around to the left through a lane and approached the fine old country home of the Woolfolks. The house is of the old-fashioned southern build, seated on an eminence overlooking the spreading fields of the plantation. The approach is through a grove of ancient oaks, that seemed to drop their branches in a solemn hush in sympathy with the dreadful tragedy that had been enacted within.

The house is a large, two-story building, with a porch in front and a piazza in front and an ample hallway running between the four main rooms.

Within those rooms lay an entire family, save one, weltering in their blood—the murderer, who was closely guarded by a man named Ben Howard, who was a member of the legislature of the state. We entered the house and with bowed heads, we were conducted into the bloody chamber of death. The house faces eastward and the first front room on the south side showed no signs, at a casual glance, of the ghastly scene that our startled eyes were about to witness.

This room was occupied by the boys and the room adjoining looking toward the southwest, was the sleeping room of Captain and Mrs. Woolfolk, and the younger child. Opening the door we beheld a scene that the stoutest heart among us will not forget till his dying day. On the bed lay Captain Woolfolk, next the wall, his features and limbs naturally composed, but with the whole corner of his head burst in and the brains scattered on the red floor and walls. He had been struck just over the left ear with the eye of an ax, in the left eye with the same part of the ax, and on the forehead in the same manner. He looked as if he never moved, even in the wild agony of the death struggle. On the same bed, with her form doubled up on that of her dead husband, lay Mrs. Mattie Woolfolk, his wife, with her long hair all doubled in blood.

She looked as though she had been stricken in the act of rising and just fell back. The body of the husband she sought to shield from the murderous blow. She had been stricken down with a single blow that was delivered on the back of her head, and she lay there, her body covered with blood, and the blood of her husband. But the cruellest sight of all were the bodies of a young lady and a little babe lying dead by their parents, who loved them so fondly. Mrs. Pearl Woolfolk, a young girl of seventeen, had apparently been thrown across the bed after her poor young husband had taken his flight.

Points of view to the fact that she had run from her room opposite across the hall way, and just at the door of her mother's room had encountered the blood-stained body of her husband. She had been stricken down with a single blow on the left side of her face; another slight blow on the right side of her forehead and another still crushing in the back of the skull, all done with the poll of the axe.

By the side of the mutilated father and almost in the cold embrace of his poor dead mother lay little Mattie, a child of eighteen months, apparently sleeping sweetly. Just one wicked stroke with the blunt part of the ax seemed to release its little body from the tender body. It was so pathetic to see it.

FLAXEN LOCKS ALL MATTED IN BLOOD, and its little night clothes all stained to a dark red color, the child lay there, its body covered with blood, and the blood of its mother. The man of iron soul melted to tears.

On the floor near by lay Richard F. Woolfolk, Jr., a young man just in the dawn of usefulness. He had been stricken down with the murderous blow of the assassin. He had apparently run from another room to his father's assistance, and was met with a blow which had a fine hole in his forehead, and he lay there, his body covered with blood, and the blood of his father. He had been stricken down with a single blow on the left side of his head, and he lay there, his body covered with blood, and the blood of his father.

Close by his side lay little Charlie Woolfolk, just five years old, a fine, healthy, and cheerful child. He had been stricken down with the murderous blow of the assassin. He had apparently run from another room to his father's assistance, and was met with a blow which had a fine hole in his forehead, and he lay there, his body covered with blood, and the blood of his father.

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describing the position they were in when he came and left them. There was not a quiver in his voice, as he spoke of lifting his mother and sister on to the bed. In the jury room he broke down once or twice, but finally became self-possessed, and reiterated the story of the murder as told to the witnesses. He first said he heard no outcry, but afterwards said he heard the children crying as he ran off. He told how he had returned alone, and felt of the bodies to see if they were dead, and how he afterwards went out and washed the blood off his face, feet and hands, where he had got it handling the bodies. He had evidently studied his part well, as he repeated the statements by rote like a school boy, and he finally became self-possessed, and reiterated the story of the murder as told to the witnesses.

On re-examination he was stripped and the faint outline of a bloody hand was discovered on his thigh. He said he probably got that when he changed his clothes. A small vial was found in the room two-thirds full of a reddish liquid, and after much questioning, he acknowledged that it was urine of cantharides, having been purchased by some fellows with whom he was frolicking and thus it came into his possession. Attention was called to some dark stains on the floor of the room, and he said which had been partially scoured out with soap and water. He said he had turned over a cup said that he did not know where it was, but he had turned over the cup and he had found it in the house to tempt robbery and his father had no enemies. The lamp was burning when he went to bed, but he had turned it out, and he had returned to the house after the murder.

Samuel Chamberlaine, white, was next sworn and testified about the same. Smith did. He described the appearance of the bodies in the morning when he had first been rubbed, showing that the murderer had tried to obliterate the blood. He said he had seen the bloody foot prints on the floor were his, for he had bloodied his feet in his father's room looking at the bodies. Mr. Chamberlaine heard no outcry, and he did not see the hands, "this is my story," he said, "and I don't think I can tell any more."

R. H. Wright keeps a store about two miles from the Woolfolks and he testified as to Tom Woolfolk's coming to his store, and how he gave him a one cent stamp and a drink of whisky on credit Friday evening. Mrs. Woolfolk and Tom did not get along well, but for her husband's sake she had to live with him. He said that he had seen the bloody foot prints on the floor were his, for he had bloodied his feet in his father's room looking at the bodies.

John Owens, colored, testified to hearing Woolfolk remark that the property belonged to him and he meant to have it. Some little effort was made to prove a conspiracy between Tom Woolfolk and Anderson, but it failed. Solicitor-General Hardeman waited on the jury and advised them as to rendering the verdict, and they then cleared the room and without discussion the verdict was rendered. The jury found that the murderer had tried to obliterate the blood. He said he had seen the bloody foot prints on the floor were his, for he had bloodied his feet in his father's room looking at the bodies.

We, the jury, empaneled to hold an inquest on the bodies of the nine persons deceased, F. Woolfolk, Jr., Pearl Woolfolk, Annie Woolfolk, Richard Woolfolk, Charlie Woolfolk, Mattie Woolfolk, and the bodies of the nine persons deceased, F. Woolfolk, Jr., Pearl Woolfolk, Annie Woolfolk, Richard Woolfolk, Charlie Woolfolk, Mattie Woolfolk, and the bodies of the nine persons deceased.

Before the verdict was announced Sheriff Westcott, with a small posse, had hurried Tom Woolfolk to Macon. It was well they did for while the jury were investigating the surroundings, a number of men, with pothooks,

which was very deep, and brought up the shirt that was worn by the murderer last night. It was a fac simile of a shirt belonging to Tom Woolfolk. The position of the jury, and was all stained with blood.

When Tom was examined he had on a shirt too large for him, evidently his father's, the sleeves of which had been following him. He had tried to wash the stains out. When this was found in the well the indignation knew no bounds and men publicly expressed their belief that he was guilty. He was taken away. Several persons had drunk freely from the well, during the day, having no idea of the ghastly garment, hidden there.

It was not suggested to the jury, nor did Mrs. Holly & Hollis, the physicians, make an investigation, but it was darkly hinted that Woolfolk added the

CRIME OF INCESTUOUS RAPE on the person of his sister Pearl. On looking over the house the bloody shirt was discovered that the murderer washed himself with trust under the bed, where the four dead bodies lay.

In Richard Woolfolk's pants pockets seventy cents in change were found, showing that there was no robbery. William Woolfolk's sister, Mrs. Cavan, of Hawkinsville, and Mrs. Edwards, of Macon, were notified of the tragedy. Mr. Thomas Woolfolk, of Jones county, arrived on the scene tonight, sadly grieved at the death of his son and family. Mr. Ben Howard, who was a member of the legislature of the state, arrived on the scene tonight, sadly grieved at the death of his son and family.

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and imagination refused to credit itself with what it saw. Innocent children and stalwart manhood, the mother and the babe, the father and the son—blooming young womanhood—all lay there.

A HUSBAND OF DEATH.

The scene so overcome the on-lookers that it was an hour before they could take their minds off the horror of the occasion and inquire who was the murderer, and who was the murderer.

Colonel Woolfolk had no enemies. He was a popular citizen—one to whom his neighbors looked up. He was the advisor of the poor around him, the benefactor of those who needed and the oracle of those who moved in higher circles. His family stood around him, his wife, his children, his daughter, Miss Pearl, had just returned from LaGrange Female college, where she stood among the first of the graduating class. The murder of one of the family would have been a mystery. The murder of the whole family

SURPRISED ALL BELIEF.

Who could the murderer be? All this time Tom Woolfolk was walking around from room to room. Not a word ever came to his eye, not a muscle quivered in agitation.

"I had to jump out of the window when they came," said he, "or they would have gotten me."

"And why did you not defend them?" he was asked.

"Because they might have killed me," he said, "they might have killed me."

"Gentlemen," said Major Cicero Tharp, "I am in favor of taking a rope and hanging him."

By her born to him the children who were so ruthlessly murdered last night. Tom, from the first, was wayward and wilful. To his stepmother he was always disrespectful, returning her approaches with scorn, and refusing every kindness offered.

"She will be sorry she married father yet," he was a favorite expression. His father, who was a man of great heart, never punished the boy as he ought, and thus he grew up untutored, perverse and wicked.

Tom Woolfolk was not a man of business and having a large family thought it prudent to settle upon his wife \$25,000 worth of property. Before doing so, however, he gave her a number of his first wife's shares to which they were entitled.

This fact gave further rein to Tom's perverse desires. He went into all manner of extravagance, and he was always spending money. He was a man of great heart, never punished the boy as he ought, and thus he grew up untutored, perverse and wicked.

At the same time Tom began to court Miss Georgia Bird, a young lady living near Macon. Her friends knowing his character brought her to dismiss him which she apparently did not renew the acquaintance in a manner that it not proved to be true.

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in its details, the last scene of all is the most weird.

THE DEAD BODIES TO BE BURIED in this city tomorrow make it necessary that they should be brought into the city.

Your correspondent at midnight had an interview with Tom Woolfolk in Bibb county jail, in which he said:

"Two hours before day I heard father hollo, Richard, who was sleeping in the room with me. Richard ran in the room where my father was."

HE WAS KNOCKED DOWN as soon as he entered the room. The window was up at my bed, and, being frightened, I ran to the window and looked out. I saw father and Richard, who was sleeping in the room with me. Richard ran in the room where my father was."

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HE WAS KNOCKED

TITLE GUARANTEE COMPANY

it Takes a Hardy Miner to Start
Prospecting Friday.

THE BOYS HAVE "LUCKY STONES."

When Harry's old Batterer Fifty-Dollar Slug
—How He Loaned It to a Tenderfoot
and How He Got It Back.

From the San Francisco Post.

"Speaking of superstitions," said the Judge, "we used to have a queer lot of them in the early days. Off in the camps we were worse than sailors, and you know a sailor is as full of superstition as a sheep is of ticks. It was a hardy miner that would have started out on a prospecting tour a day. Some of the boys laughed at this idea, but they observed it as religiously as the next one.

"There ain't nothin' in it," old Shorty chuckled to say, "but there must be. Ther' ain't no use o' riskin' your luck, if you got any, and anyways Saturday is just as good a day to start as you could find.

"Most of the boys had 'lucky stones,' or something that answered for 'em. Generally they were medals or lockets they had brought from 'home.' They were supposed to have in them some of the good wishes of the folks they had left behind. Sometimes it was a slug that had often turned the luck at the gaming table. Tom Harrity, who usually went as Harry Tom, had an old battered 800 slug that he used to tell wonderful lies about.

"There might a been something in it," guessed the judge. "I don't know. Leastways, Tom never lost it. He never played it till he got dead broke, but it always brought the dust. He wouldn't have sold it for a dollar. One day he paid it out by mistake in settling up for an outfit, and by George you ought to have seen that camp hum when he found it.

The fellow who had bought it, and thinking it

Well, he chased that fellow half way to Sacramento, but you bet he got him. He persuaded the fellow to swap the lucky slug for two others by sticking a six-shooter under his nose. That was a pretty good trade for the fellow, too, let alone the six-shooter business, for the slug might have been so lucky with him. Leastways, I've never heard of it since Tom fled.

"Still, you can't tell as to that. There was a young fellow come into camp, and he was a fresh one. The second night he was there he

up against the tiger itself. It took him about half an hour to put \$700 into the bank, and, as that was his last cent, he looked mighty glad about the gain. Then he stepped in the situation and hauled out his six-shooter and his slug. He tossed the slug on the table.

"Play that, young fellow," he said. "an' if you lose it, d-n-you, I'll blow the ball top of your head off."

"He played it and won."

"Play it again," said Tom, lowering the hammer to half cock, "or I'll blow the ball p—"

"Play it again," he ordered, when the second trial resulted happily.

"It won again."

"Once more," ordered Tom.

"It won for the fourth time."

"Gimme that slug," said Tom. "Now git! and don't go lock at a card again as long as ye live. Ye ain't got my luck." He dropped the slug back into his pocket, and the young fellow left camp next morning.

"I remember another case where a superstition squared with the facts."

"What was that?" asked the young camp when things had just begun to bloom. A few rich

had encouraged the rest of us to hang on. The Jumping Josphat camp claim had got in some of the new-fangled powder, and was blasting away for all that. We got out. I took a look at the new powder, and when Uncle Billy Grimes prophesied that the camp would be blown up with us, I was a little doubtful. At first, as his partner had at Red Gulch, we made the Jumping Josphat boys more afraid of harm's coming to them than of being off one fine morning when nobody was expecting it, and we laid out five of the best men in the camp, we were told, to go and find out. I told you so, as we rushed up to the claim.

"The camp was intensely excited, for these were the first days of the new campaign, and counting two sluice-robbers and a horse thief that we had hung for luck. We stood off a little bit, for no one but the five boys in the new outfit knew whether we were worth more to go off. But we sailed in pretty soon and hauled out what was left of the boys, and gave a slight to the new outfit. I was pretty badly cut up about it, and when we had cleaned them up and laid them out decently in the cabin we were in, I went to find out about Dave's sailing, and Si Hawkins called the meeting to order.

"After the cabin in a husky voice, 'we've

got our first chance to see a graveyard. The boys never had a better time than that. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "would do any graveyard proud, and we ought to get 'em off in a good way, don't we? If we don't give 'em the best send off the market's got, and — in the expense."

"We cheered this sentiment in spite of the occasion, and he continued to say we want to do is to send for coffins. Any man that's in favor of the sentiment can just walk up here and plank down his dust."

"If one could get this appeal, and the needed sum was soon raised. An order was written to the Sampsonville undertaker, and they went to the driver of the down stage, with the verbal message:

"If they ain't here by tomorrow night a committee of their boys'll be down that ter and put 'em in, and we'll be off."

"'That's style for ye,' said Hawkins, with pardonable pride. 'How the boys would enjoy an' the way here. By the Lord Harry!' he shouted suddenly, 'there's six here who arised six?'

"Jim Davis was the man that wrote the letter."

"By—there's had a chance," said the sixth man in this crowd. I ordered five coffins, an' that extra one hasn't come for nothin'."

The crowd turned as pale as Jim. If it did look like a trap, it was a trap. Jim had been looking for some one, and each man felt an uncomfortable suspicion that he was the one. The only one that was bold enough to resent the idea was Fling, because he had been shot, had been born with five fingers on his left hand, and had evened matters up by shooting off his thumb.

"You're a good one, Jim," he says, "you're the scholar of the crowd, but you can't write straight yet."

"You're here," said Jim, getting riled, "I ain't no scholar, but I don't knuckle down to no man when it comes to orderin' coffin's. I keep one of the letters, and I'll put one in the casket any time I want. I'll even let you cut any shins with us. I'll handle one of the letters, and he had written 'five as plain as his face."

"That coffin has come for one of us," he pointed out.

"We gathered round, looking about as solemn as we felt, and some of the boys kept a looking over their shoulders suspicious-like to the cabin where the men were being kept. Though they were afraid the night might encourage them to come out and pick their company for the next day's journey.

"Si Hawkins tried to pump the fellow that drove the team up to the camp, but he didn't know anything about it. The coffins had been taken in by the undertaker, and he brought them up as they were.

"Hawkins told us to come into Dutch Dave's and the natives came to get their coffee out of a bottle, in the native way. As they got lively, and began to jokin' about their own and recommended candidates for the vacant honor.

"Joan's horse," said Five-fingered Jack, in a sort of bantering tone. "Ef'he's ketched he'll need it mighty bad."

"The crowd laughed—all but Jim. He took it seriously and tried to argue the matter. 'He won't get no coffin,' he said. 'Huz he lucky ter git buried at all. Ye can laugh all ye want ter, but there's gon' ter be six funerals tomorrow instid of five.'"

"There's a dead coyote a little ways up the gulch. Mobber y'd like ter plant him along with the boys," continued Jack, mocking him."

"Jim began to get his back up. 'That's

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREEN & CRANKSHAW
DIAMOND MERCHANTS
31 WHITEHALL ST.
ATLANTA, GA.
JEWELRY, ETC.

McBRIDE & CO.
Best Goods Made.
29 Peachtree Street.
FRUIT JARS, LID FANS,
DRY-AIR REFRIGERATORS,
CREAM FREEZERS,
Gate City Stone Filters,
HAWLAND'S CHINA,
Fine Cut Glass, Fine and Choice Goods.
MODERATE PRICES.
—M'BRIDE'S—

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Indications.
For Georgia: Local rains; variable winds, generally easterly; stationary temperature, except in the interior slightly warmer.

Daily Weather Bulletin.
OBSERVER'S OFFICE, SIGNAL SERVICE, U. S. A.
U. S. CUSTOM HOUSE, AUGUST 7-9 P. M.

All observations taken at the same moment of actual time at each place.

STATIONS.	TEMPERATURE.	WIND.	WEATHER.
Augusta.	79.0	SE	Light
Savannah.	78.0	SE	Light
Jacksonville.	77.0	SE	Light
Montgomery.	76.0	SE	Light
New Orleans.	75.0	SE	Light
Galveston.	74.0	SE	Light
Palm Beach.	73.0	SE	Light
Fort Smith.	72.0	SE	Light
St. Paul.	71.0	SE	Light

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.
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